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"TENNESSEAN" OF ANOTHER RAMPAGE

Remembrance of Poke Liniment Up-sets His Customary Calm---Wonders How J. B. Tygart Became a Poet---Goes Fishing So Big Yarn's Coming.

Dear Mr. Editor:

When I wrote you that letter about "shorten bread," I had no idea you would be so kind as to give me a seat among your many interesting correspondents, but I was agreeably surprised when I found that the best seat of all had been assigned me. But I have lived long enough to learn that folks, even editors, are kind and disposed to do things to make people happy. I am not accustomed to occupying front seats, rather the other kind. I am reminded of that old saying I used to hear in the Valley when I was a boy, "Every dog has his day," and when I say that I do not mean to intimate that I belong to the canine tribe. Far from anything like that. I am a man, a real man, one who wears the breeches and has things his way when he can. I enjoyed reading the News when it came yesterday, and I thought I would spend a few minutes of my very precious time writing another letter, as some of the dear correspondents asked me to write again. I always do what people ask me to do if it suits me, and if it does not, why then I don't do it.

So "Old Lazy" has authorized you to change his name to that of "Miss Smarty," "Old Lazy" "Miss Smarty." Well! from the ridiculous to the sublime. From the masculine to the feminine gender. How can these things be? It sounds strange to me, but strange things are happening these days. I am not surprised, therefore, "Miss Smarty!" That reminds me of my boyhood school days. We had a girl in our school whom we called "Miss Smarty." She was about sixteen years old. Sweet sixteen we would say, but she was sixteen without the qualifying term "sweet." She was red-headed, or rather red-haired. Her face was freckled. She had a wart on her nose. She was a rather tall, thin girl, as tall "as a pine and straight as a pumpkin vine." Her business seemed to be to "butt in," and no matter what you said, she always knew a better way. She was was sure enough Miss Smarty. No one ever thought she would marry, but strange to say she did, and the last time I heard of

her, she was a widow, whose husband first went crazy and then committed suicide. They said he lost his mind trying to think of something his smart little red-haired woman had never heard about. Poor man! But I am sure the "Old Lazy—Miss Smarty," of Pleasant Hill, is not of the kind with my "Miss Smarty," of my boyhood school days. Our "Old Lazy—Miss Smarty," writes like he, she or it was a real good for something somebody. I would like to meet him (?) her (?) or it, as the case may be, and maybe in the good providence of God I shall some day.

I see "Guess Who," is in a class with myself when it comes to turnip greens and fatty bread except she has more turnip greens than I have. It seems to me you would get tired of turnip greens every day and Sunday, too, and would want a change, and as I am trying to help people break the monotony of life I am going to venture a suggestion to relieve "Guess Who" of the monotony of eating turnip greens every day and Sunday, too. Suppose you gather some poke salad and mix it with your turnip greens and see how you like the mixture. That is the way we used to do when I was a boy. Then I have heard of people adding the young leaves of yellow dock to the turnip greens and poke salad and they claimed that made a fine mixture. Personally I cannot say, for I never went further than the poke and turnip mixture, and I think that was far enough. There are two advantages in mixing the poke with the turnip tops, the poke is rather slick when it is cooked and slides down the red lane without much effort, so that if your throat muscles are a little weak you do not have to strain them in swallowing. Then, according to old-timers, poke salad has a medical value. I do not know about the medical value of the poke salad, but I can speak authoritatively for the poke root. Poke root is good medicine for the "itch." There was a time when everybody and his dog, our editor excepted, in the valley had the itch. For a cure the people tried everything. They used up

By Jes' Laughin'.



It's curious whut a sight o' good a little thing will do;
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins to brew,
An' take the sting from whut commenced ter rankle when
'twus spoke;
By keepin' still an' treatin' it ez if it wuz a joke;
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles instead o' tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the shadows of
the years

By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fail ter see the possibilities that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' and the twinkle in yer eye;
It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez whut ye think
lies hid;
It ain't so much the doin' as the way a thing is did.
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented day by day,
An' like ez not a kingdom hes been rescued from decay
By jes' laughin'.

N. Y. Tribune.

all the lard and sulphur and had to resort to something else. At last a man came along who looked like he had the itch or mange or something else, and he told the people that poke root boiled and mixed with lard and other things would cure the "itch." Now, my brother had been courting around and he caught the disease and brought it home. I do not know whether he caught it from his girl or not, but I know one thing, he sure did have it and could out-scratch any sixteen-year old I ever saw. Of course I caught it from him, for I had to sleep with him. "Nothing to do then but scratch or get well. We did some scratching and then decided to get well. So when our mangy friend told about the poke root remedy we got busy. There was a large poke stalk not far from the house and we proceeded to get the root. We boiled the root, took some of the juice and mixed it with some gunpowder, sulphur, lard and a few other ingredients and made an attack upon the horde of itch bugs with which we were infested. Now, you say what was the result? Why do you ask such a question? Do you not know that no insect or itch-bug could live in a compound like that? We got well of the disease, but we liked to have died with our friends, the germs. Fire! Fire is no circumstance. When we applied that medicine to our mutilated bodies it seemed we were in Daniel's furnace heated seven times over, but we got well. I am glad I do not have to go through that ordeal any more. One time was enough. That one time has done me for nearly forty years, and if I live to rival Methuselah in years, I'll not want to try it any more, but eating poke salad won't do you that way, my dear Mr. "Guess Who."

This is a mighty pretty day and if I were just about sixteen years old I would take this for a good day to go out among my young lady friends and compose poetry. By the way I never had an idea that my old friend, J. B. Tygart, was a poet. I always knew there was something in him, and wondered if it would ever come out. If anybody had told me years ago that he was a poet, I would have been like the boy in the valley whose father, a noted and notorious horse-swapper, was dying of bilious colic. Everybody who knew it was a time for being serious was serious, but

this boy was thinking and reflecting. Standing near the door and looking upon the suffering form of his father, the boy said: "Well, if dad dies you may say there lies the truth for if it ever was in him it never came out!" So, if my good friend Tygart, had died when he was younger and someone had told me he was a poet, I would have been constrained to say, "Well, if Tygart is a poet, it never came out." But, I am glad to see his development into a writer of verse, and it pleases me that he dedicates his gifts to the life and work of the world's Saviour.

Now, I feel some sort of aching in my bones, and if I am not mistaken, it is that old fishing pain that affects me every spring and for fear I will not have time to go fishing and write for the press, I will end up and see where those fish hooks are.

TENNESSEAN.

Looney's Creek.

Special to the News.

Easter was a great day at Looney's Creek. There was an Easter program given by the Sunday school in the morning, preaching in the afternoon, and an egg hunt after preaching. The decoration was beautiful and the program was very good but the music was not up to the expectation of some of the spectators. The Cowan quartet sang three or four pieces in the morning, and a quartet composed of W. C. Mahan, J. A. Layne, J. S. Cowan and J. B. Tygart sang quite a number of pieces after preaching.

The egg hunt consisted in hiding about twenty dozen of colored eggs and letting the little folks hunt for them. The prize egg was secured by little Anna Marie Reed, who received a box of candy.

Large crowds attended the exercises, morning and afternoon, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

The last two of the Looney's Creek boys serving Uncle Sam came in a few days ago. Bob Holoway and Willie Coffelt were the first to be drafted and the last to get back. Willie came last Saturday, Bob had preceded him two or three days.

Blue Jay.

NIGHT WATCHMAN WANTED

Apply:

SEQUACHEE HANDLE WORKS

OFFICERS: T. G. GARRETT, Vice-Pres.
F. A. KELLY, Cashier.
S. H. ALEXANDER, Pres.

MARION TRUST & BANKING CO.
JASPER, TENN.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$ 25,000.00
Deposits, 123,000.00

We pay interest on time deposits.
Combine absolute safety with satisfactory service.
Give particular attention to business of farmers.
Invite new accounts upon our merits for strength and superior facilities.
A strong bank can accord liberal treatment to its patrons. Our past policy and ample resources are our guarantee for the future.

We Want Your Business

Paris, Texas.

Special to the News.

I have changed from Dallas to Paris, Texas. I came here the 15th. I am very favorably impressed with Paris. It is a hustling little city of 12,000 people and is building rapidly. Of course all that know me, know that I was always interested in the building trade, and I notice a new building anywhere very quickly. I think I will be satisfied here. I was sorry to leave Dallas. I had been there nearly 25 years and have many good friends, and if I had an enemy in Dallas I did not know it. Of course I know few here. I knew only two men in Paris when I came here last Tuesday. Of course, everyone and everything is new to me. After I get better acquainted I will not be so lonely. Will expect to get a lot of pleasure reading the News and hope all the writers will help me pass the lonely hours until I get acquainted.

Will look for and expect to see good letters from my old friend, M. D. Dame, of Crisp, Texas, T. S. Bracken, of Arlington, J. A. Lewis, of Ft. Worth, and many others in Tennessee. I will always look for their letters with great interest.

I notice the death of S. B. Patton in my last paper. Another good man gone. I can't help noticing the departure of old friends and acquaintances. It reminds me of the time when we all must go.

E. C. Bracken just returned last night from a three days good roads convention at Mineral Wells, Texas, and reports much good for the roads accomplished. Seems that all parts of the country are awakening to the need of good roads.

I am broken up in mind so completely over my move that I can't write anything of interest. Not that I am in anyway dissatisfied with the change. I am delighted with it. They are all so kind to me in my new home.

Will do better next week. As ever,
Lone Star.

Drives Needle Into Foot.

Mrs. John Lawson had the misfortune of driving a needle into her right foot Monday afternoon, which entered the joint of the big toe and broke off there, rendering it very difficult and painful to remove. The needle became caught in a crocheted shoe was wearing in such a way that when she moved her left foot she drove it into the top of the other one, leaving nearly half an inch of the needle embedded in the foot. She was taken to Dr. Irish of Jasper, who removed the broken needle.

W. E. Picquet and Stanley Hynes went to Chattanooga Monday.

Richard City.

Special to the News.

Rainy weather has been order of day.

Mrs. W. Mathews visited Mrs. Roy Burkhalter Saturday.
Mrs. R. G. Dobbins visited Mrs. Jim Alton Monday evening.

Mrs. Chas. Philpot visited Mrs. R. G. Dobbins on day last week.
Stella Nelson is sick. Hope she will soon recover.

D. M. Dame, I would like to see you. Will write you a letter and let you know who I am.

Miss Smartie, I think I know you. Hope you are getting well.
Miss Grace Ross visited Miss Pearl Dodson Sunday.

Horace Jenkins has purchased a new Ford car.

Mrs. A. A. Rogers, I think you must have grown your radishes in the house. Ha! ha!

Vance Dobbins visited Frank Lehr Sunday.
Rev. Crawford started a revival here Sunday.

Mary Lynn visited Callie Lee Dobbins Tuesday evening.

Albert Gamble has returned from France.

Mrs. Hass was seen on our pike Monday.

Mrs. Jim Alton was seen on our pike Monday.

"Guess Who," I would like to spend Easter with you, but I can't. Would like to have you come and see us.

There was an egg hunt Sunday at Richard City.

Gardens look fine here.

Tommy Wiseman brought a nice basket of lettuce to Richard City Supply Store Tuesday.

Miss Grace Hill has pneumonia fever following influenza.

Miss Elizabeth Smith from Bridgeport was seen at the Baptist Church here Sunday.

The Scout meeting was postponed Friday night.

The girls of Deptford school had their meeting at the school-house.

The Girl Scouts of Richard City are going to have an out-door play.

"Miss Smarty" and "Guess Who," I enjoy your pieces. Write some more good letters.

Miss Clara Mae Dobbins has a painful corn on her little toe. I put some "corn solvent" on it Tuesday night and it like to have drove her crazy.

Billie Smith had a wreck Saturday evening with a new car. He was hurt pretty bad.

Mrs. Jarette and son, Clarence, are recovering from influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Kirkpatrick have several cases of mumps and influenza at their home. Hope they will soon recover.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mathews and children, Ruby, Mary, Irene and Emma, from the cove, attended church here Sunday.
Guess.

B. F. Rogers of Jasper, has finished a neat job of papering for the Leland family.

LAND SALE CLOVER LEAF FARM AT AUCTION

ON PREMISES

Wednesday, May 14, 1919, 10:30 a. m.

This farm contains 260 acres fenced and cross-fenced, in famous alfalfa and crimson clover section of Franklin County.
Located on pike, 2 1/2 miles from Decherd, 5 miles from Winchester.

This farm can practically all be plowed with tractor.
Improvements consist of 5-room residence, tenant house, good hay, grain and stock barn, stock scales and outbuildings.
Divided into four separate tracts containing from 55 to 75 acres each. Will be offered for sale separately, then as a whole. The plan producing best result will be termed as sale.

TERMS: One-fourth Cash, balance 1, 2 and 3 years.
DON'T FORGET THE DATE, MAY 14.

W. H. ARNOLD, Prop.

COL. GILL S. MOORE,
AUCTIONEER

R. F. D. 2, DECHERD, TENN.